

the budget "surplus" has little effect on the federal debt. We have indeed managed to cut the deficit out of the equation, but the answer to the relevant question—are we reducing the total federal debt at the same time—is NO. The surplus only cuts the debt's rate of growth.

With these thoughts in mind, Mr. President, I begin where I left off on Thursday:

At the close of business, Friday, June 11, 1999, the federal debt stood at \$5,606,704,532,050.51 (Five trillion, six hundred six billion, seven hundred four million, five hundred thirty-two thousand, fifty dollars and fifty-one cents).

One year ago, June 11, 1998, the federal debt stood at \$5,496,698,000,000 (Five trillion, four hundred ninety-six billion, six hundred ninety-eight million).

Fifteen years ago, June 11, 1984, the federal debt stood at \$1,519,173,000,000 (One trillion, five hundred nineteen billion, one hundred seventy-three million).

Twenty-five years ago, June 11, 1974, the federal debt stood at \$472,107,000,000 (Four hundred seventy-two billion, one hundred seven million) which reflects a debt increase of more than \$5 trillion—\$5,134,597,532,050.51 (Five trillion, one hundred thirty-four billion, five hundred ninety-seven million, five hundred thirty-two thousand, fifty dollars and fifty-one cents) during the past 25 years.

WELCOME TO THE BOY SCOUTS FROM MINNESOTA

Mr. WELLSTONE. Madam President, we have Boy Scouts from the Minnesota troops here, and I would like to welcome them. They are up in the gallery. I mention that because the Scouts represent a real tradition of public service. Maybe I should not have done that. If not, I stand corrected. Let me just say the Scouts represent a real tradition of public service, and if Scouts should come here and visit and be in the gallery, then I would be very proud.

For the Scouts' information, there are certain rules of the Senate that govern what we say and don't say.

RICHARD ALLEN'S TRIBUTE TO ADMIRAL BUD NANCE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, the late Admiral James W. (Bud) Nance was eulogized in late May by an eloquent friend who knew Bud well, a friend who had worked with Bud on many occasions beginning with their respective responsibilities with President Reagan during the eight years of the Reagan presidency.

That eloquent friend is a friend of many of us, a remarkable American who understands the miracle of this great country, Richard V. Allen, Chairman, The Richard V. Allen Company.

Mr. President, Dick Allen was speaking at a dinner on behalf of a non-profit foundation at Wingate University. He began by paying his respects to "fifteen distinguished directors" of the

foundation, among them the Honorable Roger Milliken identified by Mr. Allen as "the champion of good causes".

At this point, Mr. President, I shall pick up, verbatim, Mr. Allen's remarks, and I ask that the remainder of those remarks be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the remarks were ordered to be printed in the RECORD as follows:

But another of these distinguished persons is not with us this evening, and it is about him—a very special person—that I am honored to speak some heartfelt words.

I refer of course, to Admiral James W. Nance, an extraordinary patriot who was laid to rest yesterday morning at Arlington National Cemetery, perhaps the Senator's closest confidant after Mrs. Helms, and with whom I was privileged to have a close relationship for nearly two decades.

It is not possible to convey either the depth of sorrow reigning over Washington in the week since Bud Nance departed this earth, nor is it possible to capture in words the grandeur of the successive honors and tributes so justly showered upon him in recent days as we celebrated his extraordinary career, his lifetime with his loving family and with us.

Bud Nance and Jesse Helms are two distinct persons, friends since they were little boys and friends for life, men who knew and understood each other as stalwart loyalists to God, Family and Country, and who fought side by side for freedom, democracy and just causes. But to evoke the name of one is to remind us of the other, and this had a special meaning for me.

In 1980, following the Reagan landslide and during the transition, the Chairman-designate of the Senate Agriculture Committee called to ask if I would meet with a recently retired Admiral. As the Chairman put it, "this is a good ole boy I've known for a long time, he's worked in the Pentagon and he knows how to fly planes on and off aircraft carriers." The Senator told me he might be interested in "some kind of junior staff job at the NSC," and would I just talk with him.

Bud Nance came aboard the Transition Team steaming at thirty knots, said he liked tough assignments and could execute them well. For starters, I asked him to work with my own long-time friend, Gene Kopp, in "revamping the Carter National Security Council staff." Bud said: "Oh, I get it, I'm supposed to be just like a vacuum cleaner, just blow 'em all out of there?" And he did just that!

Yesterday, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, who graciously attended the services for Bud and was here tonight, reminded me that Bud had invited her—she was then an assistant to Zbigniew Brzezinski, my predecessor—in for an interview, since he was meeting with all departing staff members, some of whom, incredibly, thought they should be kept on. She recalls saying to him, "Why are you interviewing me? I don't want to work with you people anyway!!" As it turned out, she was right!

Bud Nance was just the best associate and the hardest working man a fellow could ever have. He insisted on doing heavy lifting, and served his President faithfully and well. On one occasion, in the summer of 1981, the Navy was running an operation into the Gulf of Sidra, near Libyan waters, to establish freedom of navigation there. I was in California with President Reagan. Bud insisted on sleeping the night in the Situation Room, in order to supervise the operation. At about midnight on the West Coast, I got the call from Bud, who in a matter of fact tone said, "Dick, we sent our carrier in there, and two Libyan fellas came flyin' out at us in Russian Migs. We put up our planes, and now the Libyans ain't flying any more because they

locked their radars onto our boys, and their planes got all tore up by our missiles, and those Libyan boys are definitely down in the drink. Now, if I was you, I'd be callin' the President, and I'm goin' home to get some sleep."

If I were to recite the extraordinary career and accomplishments of this very special man, I'd merely repeat what more than twenty Senators of both parties related so eloquently in their speeches under a Special Order on Tuesday—filling fifteen solid pages of the Congressional Record, and what was said so movingly by his granddaughter Catherine and son Andrew at yesterday's services.

Leaving the White House in 1982, Bud went to work for Boeing until Senator Helms asked him to come up to the Hill and take charge of the Foreign Relations Committee in 1991. After the Navy, after The White House, after Boeing, he again accepted the call of duty. Everyone knows the basis on which he agreed to go to work again—he declared that he would work for free year, saying that his pension and social security were quite enough, thank you, and "America has been good to me." He was not permitted to do that, and had to accept minimum wage of \$2.96 a week, later raised by cost of living increases, he was forced to accept the munificent sum of \$4.53 a week.

Each of us who knew, respected and loved him will miss him very much.

Yesterday, the motorcade that left the Lewinsville Presbyterian Church in McLean enroute to Arlington Cemetery stretched for nearly two miles. The cannon fired their salute, the rifles cracked, the bugler played Taps, the Honor Guard stood by, and Bud's pastor asked us to stand for the flyover.

North across the Potomac they came, four magnificent F-18 jets, flying in precise formation; as they roared directly over the assembled mourners, three proceeded straight ahead while one ignited his afterburner, peeled off in a long and beautiful arc, flying straight up into the heavens, symbolizing Bud's career and the passage to his Maker. It was a profound moment, reminiscent of how much Bud liked that little placard that used to rest on President Reagan's desk with the inscription,

"There's no limit to what a man can do or where he can go if he doesn't mind who gets the credit."

Bud never minded at all.

INTRODUCTION OF BILLS AND JOINT RESOLUTIONS

The following bills and joint resolutions were introduced, read the first and second time by unanimous consent, and referred as indicated:

By Mr. GREGG:

S. 1217. An original bill making appropriations for the Departments of Commerce, Justice, and State, the Judiciary, and related agencies for the fiscal year ending September 30, 2000, and for other purposes; from the Committee on Appropriations; placed on the calendar.

By Mr. BURNS:

S. 1218. A bill to direct the Secretary of the Interior to issue to the Landusky School District, without consideration, a patent for the surface and mineral estates of certain lots, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources.

By Mr. REED:

S. 1219. A bill to require that jewelry imported from another country be indelibly